

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE  
AND  
DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

VOL. I.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1845.

NO. 49.

PUBLISHED  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

## TERMS

**WILMINGTON JOURNAL:**  
Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.  
\$3 00 at the end of three months.  
3 50 at the expiration of the year.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**  
Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent. will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid.

OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

A. L. PRICE, Printer.

**PRINTING**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

**DAVID FULTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**GILLESPE & ROBESON**  
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.  
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.  
The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fayetteville, will copy six months and forward accounts to this office.

**John S. Richards,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENT.  
Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to Messrs. J. & E. Anderson, } Wilmington, N. C.  
R. W. Brown, Esq., }  
Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey, }  
" Richards, Bassett & Aborn, } New York.  
A. Richards, Esq. }  
June 27, 1845. 41-4f

**EDWARD REELEY,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.  
Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
June 13, 1845. 39-4f

**CORNELIUS MYERS,**  
Manufacturer & Dealer in  
HATS AND CAPS.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

**GEORGE W. DAVIS,**  
Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANT,  
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**WILLIAM COOPER,**  
General Commission Merchant,  
AND  
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,  
Next door North of the New Custom-house,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ROBT. C. BARNETT,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.  
September 21, 1844. 14-f

**WM. SEAW,**  
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**JOHN HALL,**  
Commission Merchant,  
One door So. of Brown & DeRosier's, Water-st.,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**BROWN & DEROSIER**  
OFFER FOR SALE,  
264 BBLs. N. O. clarified Molasses,  
100 do. " sugar House do  
75 HDS. Cuba bright retailing do  
10 do. Porto Rico Sugar,  
do. N. Orleans  
5 12 barrels Porto Rico  
250 Bags Coffee; Cuba, Rio and Laguira,  
8000 pounds N. C. Bacon, assorted.  
50 HDS. Western Sides, of prime quality,  
50 bbls. Mess Pork,  
75 " Prime do  
10 30 kegs N. C. Lard,  
BBLs. " do  
150 175 Kegs and Jars prime Butter,  
BBLs. Superfine Flour,  
15 half bbls. Canal Flour,  
350 BUSHELS Maryland Oats,  
15 bbls. American Gin,  
120 " Baltimore and Philadelphia  
Whiskey,  
100 BBLs. Apple Brandy,  
3 " San Lucar Wine,  
1 BBL. Scuppernon do  
20,000 Spanish Cigars—various brands,  
50 CASKS fresh beat Rice,  
40 bbls. purified Lard Oil,  
do refined Whale do  
15 30 boxes Adamantine Candles,  
20 half bbls. } Scotch Snuff—in bladders,  
35 boxes }  
50 BOXES manufactured Tobacco—various kinds,  
200 GRINDSTONES—assorted,  
350 kegs Dupont's Powder—assort'd,  
BALES Rockfish 4-4 Shirting,  
10 10,000 R. O. hhd. Staves—dressed.  
July 11, 1845. 43-4f

**PLANTATION CLOTHING.**—A few cases just received and for sale by  
Aug. 1, 1845. Wm. COOKE, Agt.

**Leaf Tobacco.**  
hhd., a prime article, for sale by  
G. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**BLANK CHECKS.**—A neat article, for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

## PROSPECTUS

### OF THE "CONGRESSIONAL UNION" AND "APPENDIX," &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully inform the public, that, with the commencement of the approaching session of Congress, they will begin the publication of the "Congressional Union" and "Appendix." The first will contain a full and accurate history of the daily proceedings of both branches of the national legislature. It will be compiled with such care, that every citizen who is interested in the public affairs will find it a complete synopsis of their proceedings, and a ready book of reference upon all questions which come before them.

The second, (the "Appendix," ) will contain every speech which is delivered in the House of Representatives and Senate during the session, reported at length by a full and able corps of congressional reporters, and revised before publication by the authors, whenever it is requested. These two works will be strictly impartial, and are intended to be as interesting and useful to the man of business, and to the politician of the one party as the other.

It may be said, without exaggeration, that the next session of Congress is destined to be one of the most important which has taken place since the foundation of the government. It is the long session. It is the session which will develop the general plan of the present administration. Its measures will stamp the character of our institutions for years to come. Some of the most important questions which are connected with our foreign relations, or our domestic concerns, will be presented for their consideration. The final measure of ratifying the constitution of Texas, which is to consummate her admission into our Union, and the admission of her members into our public councils—every measure which affects the Oregon question—our relations with Mexico—as well as the final decision on the revived Calvo-Verein treaty—these, and other measures which are more or less connected with the approaching Congress, will come under the review of the approaching Congress.

Most of the eminently important questions which relate to our internal concerns—the revision of the tariff—the adoption of the best mode for preserving the public moneys—a variety of commercial measures—perhaps the best system for regulating the important interests of Texas—the Indian questions—the land question—the best system for our navy—these and others will constitute a mass of business which is calculated to command much of the time of Congress, and much of the attention of the people. They will all be reported by the "Congressional Union."

The Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Weekly Union, will, as usual, embrace an interesting variety of matter on political, scientific, and literary subjects, along with the current news of the day. The editor will continue to devote all his energies to the improvement of "The Union." He finds many accomplished men in this city. The administration has brought with it a considerable accession of talents. Several parties and distinguished members of the democratic party have accepted of the Union. Some of them have liberally contributed their literary labors to our benefit; and we hope to enlist others in our service. Besides, the time is not far distant when the editor intends to call other talents to his assistance. His ambition is, to make his paper worthy of the metropolis of the Union. He is persuaded that, with the facilities which his position enables him to employ; with the official and other materials placed within his reach; and with the aid of the correspondence which he is attempting to establish in foreign countries, a paper may be published, which is not unworthy of the support of his country. In undertaking the task, he knew he had many difficulties to overcome, many lessons to learn, many sacrifices to encounter. He knew that, amid the arduous cares of a new theatre, he could not at first do justice even to himself; but his zeal has never flagged. What enthusiasm and industry can never effect, will be fully accomplished. Some errors he may have already committed. But upon one point, he can speak with great pleasure and with equal freedom. The man who is administering this government are working men, anxious, as he believes, to do their duty, to serve their country, to carry out the pledges under which the President was elected, and the great principles of the party. So long as the administration is conducted in this spirit, and upon those principles, he is prepared to co-operate with them in the public service; and to give them, as he proposed in his prospectus, a "fair, liberal, and efficient support."

We feel a deep sense of gratitude for the prompt manner in which our political friends, in every section of the country, have already come forward to sustain the "Union." May we not hope that our friends throughout the United States will continue to assist our labors, and prevail upon their friends to take some edition of the "Union?"

As this will be the long session of Congress, and will probably last eight months, we have concluded to publish the CONGRESSIONAL UNION and APPENDIX on the following

**TERMS.**  
For The Congressional Union, \$1 per copy.  
For The Appendix, \$1 per copy.  
Clubs will be furnished with Ten copies of either the above works for \$12; Twenty-five copies for \$25.

**EXTRA WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY UNION.**  
For the accommodation of those who desire a paper printed at the seat of government during the session of Congress only, we will furnish them the EXTRA UNION as follows:

**SEMI-WEEKLY.**  
One copy \$2  
Six copies 12  
Twelve copies 24

**WEEKLY.**  
One copy \$1  
Twelve copies 10  
Twenty-five copies 20

**THE UNION**  
Will be furnished hereafter to yearly subscribers, as follows:

**DAILY,** per year, for One copy \$10  
Five copies 40  
One copy 5

**SEMI-WEEKLY** " One copy 20  
Twelve copies 20

**WEEKLY,** " Ten copies \$35  
One copy 2  
Five copies 8  
Ten copies 15

No attention will be paid to any order, unless the money accompanies it.

Those desiring complete copies of the Congressional Union and Appendix, will please send us their names previous to the first day of December next.

We will willingly pay the postage on all letters sent to us containing Five Dollars and upwards. Other letters directed to us, with the postage unpaid, will not be taken out of the office.

**RITCHIE & HEISS**  
WASHINGTON, August 1, 1845.

## To the Friends of the WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

In approaching the close of the first year of our existence as a public Journal, we hope it will not be thought amiss in us to address a few remarks to our friends, both with regard to the past and future. With the 19th of the next month (September,) the first volume of the Wilmington Journal will close. On the 26th of the same month, God willing, we shall issue the first number of the second volume. When in September last, we took charge of the Democratic Press in this place, we did so with much reluctance. Those acquainted with the circumstances of our coming to Wilmington, know this to be the case. This reluctance was the result of various causes. Our own inexperience and our consequent distrust in our abilities to discharge the duties of the post to which we were called, weighed heavily upon us. We commenced our labors too, in the midst of the warmest contest which has been waged between political parties in the United States during many a long year. Add to this the fact that the democratic press in this place, had unfortunately gone down time after time, and that many of our friends throughout the country, had lost all hopes of seeing a Democratic Journal established on a permanent basis at this point, and our friends will have some idea of the difficulties which we had to encounter at the commencement of our career.

With regard to how far we have overcome these difficulties, and what our present prospects are, we will say a few words. With regard to the manner in which the paper has been conducted, it would be unbecoming in us to speak. This much, we will say. We have endeavored with our whole heart and soul to present to our readers at all times such views of national politics, as we thought would tend most to advance the best interests of our common country. And here we hope, it will not be thought vain in us to say, that we have been preserving to learn that the manner and the matter of the Journal has met the approbation of our friends. We commenced with a very small list, something over three hundred; we now number upwards of seven hundred subscribers. Our success thus far, has outstripped our anticipations. We have already the widest circulation which any paper published in this place, during the last twenty years, has had. Our circulation too, is daily increasing. May we not hope that the past will be but a prelude of the future, and that the Journal will continue to receive additions to its list of friends, until it will be placed on such a permanent basis as will defy the assaults of those whose hopes are, that like its predecessors, it too, in its season, will go down. We say, it rests with our friends throughout the district; to say whether they will maintain the Journal in such a manner, as will enable its Editor to devote his time and talents to it with his whole heart and soul. They are able, can we doubt but that they are willing? Can our friends expect that the principles which they maintain, and for whose ascendancy they feel such an anxiety, will be prosperous if they neglect to diffuse light and information amongst the people? To those warm and kind friends who aided us at our outset, we return our sincere thanks, and hope that they will again make an effort on our behalf.

We will make a short statement of what claims the Journal has upon the people of this section of North Carolina, and of the reasons why we think its circulation ought and will be increased. It is published in the largest and by far the most important commercial town in North Carolina. The people of the adjoining counties maintain an extensive intercourse with Wilmington. It is their market. In the columns of the Journal, will be found every week a correct statement of the markets. For the correctness of our commercial reports thus far, we appeal to those who have read our paper. That they will be correct in the future, we pledge ourselves.

Again, there is no other Democratic paper published in the district; nor is there a Democratic Press nearer than Fayetteville. Again, as regards news, there is no point in North Carolina, where information from all parts of the Union reaches so soon, as Wilmington. Situated as we are, on the great route from New Orleans to Boston, every event which transpires either North or South, will be found detailed in the columns of the Journal, sooner than in any other paper in the State out of this place. We appeal to those who have read the Journal for the last ten months, for the truth of what we here state. Again, the amount of useful information conveyed through the columns of the Journal has thus far been as great, if not greater, than that contained in the pages of any paper published in the State. With regard to the future, we will say a few words. It shall be our constant endeavor, by our industry and perseverance, to retain the good opinions which we have already won, and to make our paper still more deserving the patronage of our friends. With a view to this, we propose to enlarge its size, so soon as we receive a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant us in incurring the expense, which such a step will necessarily require. We will have to buy a new press and an additional supply of type. We will be frank. For these articles, we would have to go in debt. This we neither will nor can do, without first having an assurance, that we will be able to pay for them. We make this proposition: so soon as our list shall number one thousand and good paying subscribers, should that be in one month from this time, we will make our paper as large as any published in the State. This will enable us to give our readers an increase of reading matter. It will also give the editor more spirit and energy. In every way it will improve the paper. Will we not receive this increase? We think we will. If a few gentlemen in each county, were to take an interest in the matter, they could soon obtain for us the necessary number, to enable us to enter into the new arrangement.

Finally, we ask our friends to show this article to those who are not yet subscribers. Lend us a helping hand.

**TERMS—VOLUME SECOND.**  
The Journal is published weekly, at \$2 50 in advance, \$3 00 if not paid before the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing.

**TO CLUBS OF**  
Five, to one address, \$11 00  
Ten, do. 20 00  
Twenty, do. 38 00  
No attention paid to any order unless the money accompanies it.

We will pay the postage on letters containing Five Dollars and upwards, and money may be remitted through the mail at our risk. The Postmaster's certificate of such remittance shall be a sufficient receipt therefor.

**PRICE & FULTON.**  
Address: August 15th, 1845.

## TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Glad summers have fled since we met—  
Cold winters with chill, icy breath;  
Full many a spring day has set,  
And spring flowers have faded in death,  
Mild autumn's gay, delicate finger  
Has silently passed o'er the land,  
Till on the broad earth seemed to linger  
A charm from a fairy's bright wand.

Fair forms have grown cold since we met,  
And passed to the desolate tomb;  
Soft eyes whose light comes o'er me yet  
Have grown rayless in death's deep gloom.  
Sunny curls that the flushed cheek shaded,  
And waved o'er the calm, open brow,  
Have been stilled as the rose hue faded,  
And life's current hath ceased to flow.

Youth's hopes have been crushed since we met,  
Sweet visions have faded in night,  
And wrongs the heart may not forget  
Have left with me coldness and blight.  
Fond dreams that had come to the heart  
Like the soft, trembling winds over flowers,  
Have fled, as the glad birds depart,  
For the light of their own fadeless bowers.

These eyes have grown dim since we met—  
These dark locks are changing to white;  
The sun of my youth has long set  
In the dimness and shadow of night.  
But the heart, my old friend, the warm heart,  
In its freshness and sunshine is free;  
And its deep love will never depart,  
With the image and memory of thee.

From Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE WISE THOUGHT.

A FIRST RATE IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

She was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree that overhung a very ancient well; and as the water fell into her pit, her, she was mingling with its music the tones of her Jew's harp, the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of 'sweet seventeen'; a rustic belle as well as a rustic beauty, and a 'terrible coquette'; and as she had what in Scotland they call a 'tocher,' in England a 'dowry,' and in Ireland a 'pretty penny o' money,' it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had—a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was certainly given in *alto*—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not long been occupied, before her lover was at her side.

'We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan,' she said, somewhat abruptly; 'look, 't would be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing.' They've been playing the contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now.'

'It's mighty hard, so it is,' replied handsome Morris, 'that married people can't draw together. Norah, darling! that would not be the way with us. Is one we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—'

'Folly,' interrupted the maiden, laughing. 'Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey? eh Morris?'

'Leave joking now, Norry; God only knows how I love you,' he said, in a voice broken by emotion. 'I'm yer equal as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you for all that; only I can't help saying that, when we love each other, (now don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again.) and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just for disloyalty, should be putting betwixt us for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for—'

'Stop, Mister Morris,' exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escape; 'is my mother yer talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to ye?'

'I ask your pardon, my own Norah,' he replied, meekly, as in duty bound; 'for the sake of the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not? and I'm not going to gainsay, but yer mother—'

'The least said's the soonest mended!' again interrupted the impatient girl.—'Good even, Morris, and God bless you; they'll be after missing me within, and its little mother thinks where I am.'

'Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since we were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of your young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her

leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what ye've got.—Dearest Norah, think; since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh.'

'I'm not going to laugh, Morris,' replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; 'I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest,) that he hadn't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I've got a wise thought. Good night, dear Morris; good night.'

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perched at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her 'wise thought' might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bursting in style, and as cross 'as a bag of weasels.'

'Jack Clary,' said she, addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking his *dooden*, 'it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me! I've little good of a husband, burring the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?' The spouse nodded. 'The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?' Another nod.—'Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?' continued the lady.

'My dear,' he replied, 'sure one like you has enough talk for ten.'

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, 'I don't think the stable door is fastened.' Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms, ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell.

'I'll go with father myself and see,' said Norah.

'That's like my own child, always careful,' observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

'Dear father,' began Norah, 'it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye, but—but the priest said something to you to-day about—Morris Donovan.'

'Yes, darling, and about yer self, my sweet Norry.'

'Did ye speak to mother about it?'

'No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; but—as to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she turned like sour milk all in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her.'

'Father, dear father,' said Norah, 'suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round.'

'Out of opposition to me, eh?'

'Yes.'

'And let her gain the day then?—that would be cowardly,' replied the farmer, drawing himself up. 'No, I won't.'

'Father, dear, you don't understand,' said the cunning lass; 'sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean,' she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—if that took place, it's *you* that would have yer own way.'

'True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before! and, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. 'But stay a while—stay, aisy, aisy!' he recommended; how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now, so there's no speaking with him; he's no way quick either; we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in a sudden.'

'Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me!' exclaimed the animated girl; 'only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abus' him—but not with all yer heart, father—only from the teeth out.'

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggin's of buttermilk were filled on the dresser; and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaiting the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

What's for supper, mother? inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

Plaguy *snipeens*, she replied; bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himself.

So I did, said Barney, grinning; and that stick with a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down.

If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shant come here, said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow

with his clenched hand as to make not on ly it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

And why so, pray? asked the dame. Because nothing of Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house, replied Clary; he's not to my liking any how, and there is no good in his bothering here after what he won't get.

Excellent! thought Norah.

Lord save us! ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, what's come to the man! Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury birdceens, when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames: the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration.—She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities. How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?

I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!

You will! And dare you say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will, will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house; and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor old snail!

So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with his claw, fair put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mrs. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris' uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the father's helpmate *suore*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that, before the next sunset Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the hatchhole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheeks of Norah Clary; for her wise thought had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting tree, where, by chance, either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan.

I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan, and its result. And the lover hastened, upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country,) to tell the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot describe. The bride of course looked lovely, and sheepishly and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, Carry me out! by the powers she's beat! we've won the day!—ould Ireland forever! Success, boys!—she's beat! she's beat!

The priest too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her wise thought.

WAYS OF THEIR OWN.—'Have you ever remarked, Dr. Crusty,' quoth Mrs. Stumps, 'that my children have different ways from most people's?'

'Frequently,' retorted the Doctor. 'Entirely different,' continued Mrs. Stumps.

'Entirely different,' echoed the Dr. 'Well, how do you account for it, Dr?' asked Mrs. Stumps, enquiringly.

'Because,' rejoined the Doctor, 'you have humored them so much that they have ways of their own. I noticed it particularly when little Benny threw that apple core at you, right in your face, and told you he'd do it again if he wanted to.'

Mrs. Stumps has not alluded to her children since.—Pisanyne.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes, 'till you can pay for new ones.